

CATHOLIC HYMNS

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[From the Ave Maria.]

## FOR PALM SUNDAY.

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BY THE LATE J. V. HUNTINGTON.

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Oh not like theirs who wait for light—  
Thy patience, Lord ! in whose clear sight,  
Free from the merit of hopes and fears,  
A day is as a thousand years.

The numbered years the promise bring ;  
Jerusalem receives her King :  
Before her high o'erarching gate,  
Her multitudes Thy coming wait.


While Thou, upon the untamed foal,  
Which yields to that divine control,  
Sheddest the mingled glory thence  
Of meekness and omnipotence.

The shouting crowds that line thy path,  
Hide not from thee the coming wrath ;  
O'er palms and robes before Thee strewn,  
Thou passest to the Cross, Thy throne.

And as on Carmel's sovereign height  
The hand-like cloud once rose in sight,  
So rises o'er that living Sea  
Vengeance not undiscerned by Thee.

And we the hour are waiting yet,  
When thrones for judgment shall be set ;  
Just Lord ! although the time be long,  
Oh let our hearts with faith be strong.

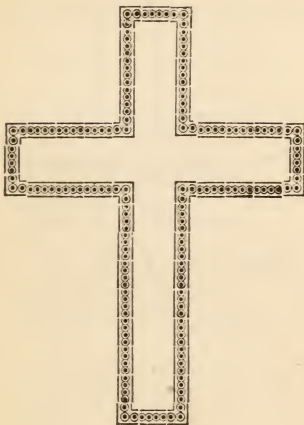
Of all that's good the fountain still,  
Oh blessed Lord ! is in Thy will ;  
Do Thou within our hearts increase  
The fruit of holiness and peace.



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✓✓  
Catholic

Hymns.



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# CATHOLIC HYMNS.

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## Lucis Creator.

Lucis Creator optime,  
Lucem dierum proferens,  
Primodiis lucis novæ,  
Mundi parans originem.

Qui mane junctum vesperi ;  
Diem vocari præcipis,  
Illabitur tetrum chaos,  
Audi preces cum fletibus.

Ne mens gravata crimine,  
Vitæ sit exul munere,  
Dum nil perenne cogitat,  
Seseque culpis illigat.

Cœleste pulset ostium  
Vitale tollat præmium ;  
Vitemus omne noxium  
Purgemus omne passimum.

Præsta, Pater piissime ;  
Patrique compar Unice ;  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,  
Regnans per omne sæculum.

**Adeste, Fideles.**

Adeste, fideles,  
Læti triumphantes ;  
Venite, venite in Bethlehem :  
Natum videte  
Regem angelorum :  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,  
Lumen de Lumine,  
Gestant puellæ viscera :  
Deum verum,  
Genitum, non factum :  
Venite adoremus, &c.

Cantet nunc Io  
Chorus Angelorum :  
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo :  
Venite adoremus, &c.

Ergo qui natus  
Die hodierna,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria :  
Patris æterni  
Verbum caro factum :  
Venite adoremus, &c.

---

**Vexilla Regis.**

Vexilla regis prodeunt,  
Fulget crucis mysterium :  
Quo carne carnis conditor  
Suspensus est patibulo.



Quo vulneratus insuper  
Mucrone diro lanceæ  
Ut nos lavaret crimine,  
Manavit unda et sanguine.

Impleta sunt quæ concinit  
David fideli carmine,  
Dicens : In nationibus  
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

Arbor decora et fulgida,  
Ornata regis purpura,  
Electa digno stipite,  
Tam sancta membra tangere.

Beata, cujus brachiis  
Sæcli pependit pretium,  
Statera facta corporis,  
Prædamque tulit tartari.

O Crux, ave, spes unica,  
Hoc passionis tempore,  
Auge piis justitiam,  
Reisque dona veniam.

Te, Summa Deus, Trinitas,  
Collaudet omnis spiritus :  
Quos per crucis mysterium  
Salvas, rege per sæcula. Amen.

---

### O Redemptor.

O Redemptor, sume carmen temet  
concontinentium.

**Stabat Mater.**

Stabat Mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat Filius;  
Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam et dolentem,  
Pertransiuit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater Unigeniti!  
Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat,  
Pia Mater, dum videbat  
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fletet  
Matrem Christi si videret,  
In tanto supplico?  
Quis non posset contristari,  
Christi Matrem contemplari,  
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,  
Videt Jesum in tormentis,  
Et flagellis subditum.  
Vidit suum dulcem natum,  
Moriendo desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia, Mater, fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris,  
Fac ut tecum lugeam.  
Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
Crucifixi fige plagas  
Cordi meo valide.  
Tui nati vulnerati,  
Tam dignati pro me pati,  
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,  
Crucifixo condolere,  
Donec ego vixero.  
Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociare,  
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,  
Mihi jam non sis amara,  
Fac me tecum plangere.  
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,  
Passionis fac consortem,  
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
Fac me cruce inebriari,  
Et cruore Filii :  
Flammis ne urar succensus,  
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus,  
In die judicii.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,  
Da per Matrem me venire,  
Ad palmam victoriæ.  
Quando corpus morietur,  
Fac ut animæ donetur  
Paradisi gloria.

**O Filii.**

O Filii, et filiæ,  
Rex Cælestis, Rex gloriæ,  
Morte surrexit hodie. Alleluia.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

At mane prima Sabbati,  
Ad ostium monumenti,  
Accesserunt Discipuli. Alleluia.

Et Maria Magdalene,  
Et Jacobi, et Salome,  
Venerunt corpus ungere. Alleluia.

In albis sedens Angelus  
Prædixit mulieribus :  
In Galilæa est Dominus. Alleluia.

Et Joannes, Apostolus,  
Cucurrit Petro citius,  
Monumento venit prius. Alleluia.

Discipulis astantibus,  
In medio, stetit Christus,  
Dicens Pax vobis omnibus. Alleluia.

In hoc festo sanctissimo,  
Sit laus et jubilatio,  
Benedicamus Domino. Alleluia.

---

**Pange, Lingua.**

Pange, lingua, gloriosi,  
Corporis mysterium,  
Sanguinisque pretiosi,

Quem in mundi pretium,  
Fructus ventris generosi,  
Rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus  
Ex intacta virgine,  
Et in mundo conversatus,  
Sparso verbi semine,  
Sui moras incolatus  
Miro clausit ordine.

In supremæ nocte Cœnæ,  
Recumbens cum fratribus,  
Observata lege plene  
Cibis in legalibus,  
Cibum turbæ duodenæ  
Se dat suis manibus.

Verbum caro, panem verum  
Verbo carnem efficit,  
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,  
Et si sensus deficit,  
Ad firmandum cor sincerum  
Sola fides sufficit.

Tantum Ergo sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui,  
Et antiquam documentum  
Novo cedat ritui:  
Præstet fides supplementum  
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori Genitoque  
Laus et jubilatio,  
Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
Sit, et benedictio;  
Procedenti ab utroque  
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

**O Salutaris.**

O Salutaris Hostia !  
Quæ cœli pandis ostium :  
Bella premunt hostilia :  
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino,  
Sit sempiterna gloria :  
Qui vitam sine termino,  
Nobis donet in patria.

---

**O ! Sanctissima.**

O ! Sanctissima ! O ! Purissima,  
Dulcis Virgo Maria,  
Mater amata, intermerata,  
Ora, ora pro nobis.

Tota Pulchra es, O Maria  
Et macula non est in te.  
Mater, &c.

Sicut lilium inter spinas,  
Sic Maria inter filias.  
Mater, &c.

---

**Veni Creator.**

Veni, Creator Spiritus,  
Mentes tuorum visita,  
Imple superna gratia  
Quæ tu creasti, pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,  
Altissimi donum Dei,  
Fons vivus, ignis charitas,  
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,  
Digitus Paternæ dexteræ,  
Tu rite promissum Patris,  
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,  
Infunde amorem cordibus :  
Infirma nostri corporis  
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,  
Pacemque dones protinus :  
Ductore sic te prævio  
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,  
Noscamus atque Filium,  
Teque utriusque Spiritum  
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Et Filio, qui a mortuis  
Surrexit, ac Paraclito  
In sæculorum sæcula.

---

### Ava Maris.

Ava, maris stella  
Dei mater alma  
Atque semper virgo,  
Felix coeli porta.

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabrielis ore,  
Funda nos in pace,  
Mutans Hevæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen cæcis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus  
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solutos,  
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut videntes Jesum  
Semper collætémur.

Sit laus Deo patri,  
Summo Christo decus  
Spiritui sancto,  
Tribus honor unus.

---

### Exultet Orbis Gaudiis.

Exultet orbis gaudiis :  
Cœlum resultet laudibus ;  
Apostolorum gloriam  
Tellus et astra concinunt.



Vos seculorum Iudices,  
Et vera mundi lumina,  
Votis precamur cordium,  
Audite voces supplicum.

Qui templa cœli clauditis,  
Serasque verbo solvitis,  
Nos a reatu noxios  
Solvi jubete, quæsumus.

Præcepta quorum protinus  
Languor salusque sentiunt,  
Sanate mentes languidas :  
Augete nos virtutibus :

Ut, cum redibit Arbiter  
In fine Christus seculi,  
Nos sempiterni gaudii  
Concedat esse compotes.

Patri, simulque Filio,  
Tibique sancte Spiritus,  
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter  
Seculum per omne gloria. Amen.

---

### Iste Confessor.

Iste confessor Domini colentes  
Quem pie laudant populi per orbem  
Hac die lætus meruit beatus  
Scandere sedes. [supremos]  
[or Laudis honores.]

Qui pius, prudens, humilis pudicus,  
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam  
Donec humanos animavit auræ  
Spiritus artus.

Cujus ob præstans meritum frequenter  
Ægra quæ passim jacuere membra.  
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti  
Restituunter.

Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem  
Concinit laudem, celebresque palmas ;  
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur  
Omne per ævum.

Sit salus illi, decus, atque, virtus,  
Qui super cœli solio coruscans,  
Totius mundi seriem gubernat  
Trinus et unus.

---

*For Advent.*

### **Creator Alme Siderum.**

Maker of Heaven ! Eternal light  
Of all who in thy name believe !  
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind !  
An ear to thy poor suppliants give.

When man was sunk in sin and death,  
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,  
Love brought Thee down to cure our ills,  
By taking of those ills a share.

Thou, for the sake of guilty men,  
Causing thine own pure blood to flow,  
Didst issue from thy Virgin shrine,  
And to the Cross a Victim go.

So great the glory of thy might,  
If we but chance thy name to sound,

At once all Heaven and Hell unite  
In bending low with awe profound,

Great Judge of all ! in that last day,  
When friends shall fail and foes combine,  
Be present then with us, we pray,  
To guard us with thy arm divine.

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### The Cradle of Bethlehem.

O sing a joyous carol  
Unto the holy child,  
And praise with gladsome voices  
His mother undefiled :  
Our infant voices greeting  
Shall hail our Infant King,  
And our sweet lady listen  
When infant voices sing.

Who is there meekly lying  
In yonder stable poor ?  
Dear children, it is Jesus  
He bids you now adore,  
Who is there kneeling by him,  
In virgin beauty fair !  
It is our Mother Mary :  
She bids you all draw near.

Who is there near the cradle  
That guards the holy child !  
It is our Father Joseph  
Chaste spouse of Mary mild,  
Dear children oh ! how joyful  
With them in heaven to be !  
God grant that none be missing  
From that festivity.

**Christmas Carol.**

The snow lay on the ground,  
The star shone bright,  
When Christ our Lord was born,  
On Christmas night.

Chorus.—Venite adore-  
mus Dominum.  
Venite adore-  
mus Dominum.

'Twas Mary, daughter pure  
Of holy Anne,  
That brought into this world  
The God-made-man.

She laid him in a stall,  
At Bethlehem,  
The ass and oxen shared  
The roof with them.

CHORUS.

Saint Joseph too was by,  
To tend the Child,  
To guard Him and protect  
His mother mild.

The angels hovered round,  
And sung this song,  
Venite adore-  
mus Dominum.

CHORUS.

And then that manger poor  
Became a throne :  
For He, whom Mary bore,  
Was God the Son.

O come then, let us join  
The Heavenly host,  
To praise the Father, Son,  
And Holy Ghost.

CHORUS.

---

### Christmas Carol.

What lovely Infant can this be,  
That in the little crib I see ?  
So sweetly on the straw it lies—  
It must have come from Paradise.

Who is that Lady kneeling by,  
And gazing on, so tenderly ?  
Oh ! that is Mary ever blest,  
How full of joy her holy breast !

What man is that who seems to smile  
And look so blissful all the while ?  
'Tis holy Joseph, good and true ;  
The Infant makes him happy too.

What makes the crib so bright and clear ?  
What voices sing so sweetly here ?  
Ah ! see behind the window pane,  
The little-angels looking in !

Who are those people kneeling down,  
With crooked sticks and hands so brown ?  
The Shepherds. On the mountain top,  
The little angels woke them up.

The ox and ass, how still and mild  
They stand beside the holy child.  
His little body underneath  
They warm so kindly with their breath.

Hail, holy cave, though dark thou be,  
The world is lighted up from thee.  
Hail Holy Babe!—creation stands  
And moves upon thy little hands.

---

### Christmas Hymn.

How poor and mean this little bed,  
Oh which my Saviour lies,  
Yet did He the vast ocean spread,  
And paint the fair blue skies.

Ah ! then how sweet shall be to me  
The lot my Lord did share,  
And dearer far his poverty  
Than treasures rich and rare.

How helpless seems the Infant God.  
How weak his little form :  
Yet nature trembles at his nod,  
He rules the wintry storm.

When I am helpless, weak and low,  
I will not grieve nor sigh :  
For I will think my Lord was so,  
Though He was God most high.

Oh ! let me love the path He trod  
And strive like Him to be,  
Since He, although my Lord and God  
Has loved to be like me.

### Christmas Hymn.

See! amid the winter's snow,  
Born for us on earth below;  
See! the tender Lamb appears,  
Promis'd from eternal years.

Hail! thou ever-blessed morn!  
Hail! Redemption's happy dawn!  
Sing through all Jerusalem,  
Sing the Babe of Bethlehem!

Lo! within a manger lies  
He who built the starry skies:  
He who throned in height sublime  
Sits amid the cherubim.

Hail, &c.

"Say, ye holy shepherds, say,  
What your joyful news to-day?  
Wherefore have ye left your sheep  
On the lonely mountain steep?"

Hail, &c.

"As we watched at dead of night,  
Lo! we saw a wondrous light;  
Angels singing, 'Peace on earth,'  
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Hail, &c.

Secret Infant! all divine!  
What a tender love was thine!  
Thus to come from highest bliss  
Down to such a world as this!

Hail, &c.

### Christmas Hymn.

Oh, come! all ye faithful!  
Triumphantly sing!  
Come, see in the manger  
The Angels' dread King!  
To Bethlehem hasten!  
With joyful accord;  
Oh, hasten! oh, hasten!  
To worship the Lord.

True son of the Father  
He comes from the skies;  
The womb of the Virgin  
He doth not despise;  
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

Hark! to the Angels!  
All singing in Heaven,  
"To God in the highest  
All glory be given."  
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

To Thee, then, O Jesus!  
This day of thy birth,  
Be glory and honor  
Through Heaven and earth;  
True Godhead Incarnate!  
Omnipotent Word!  
Oh, hasten! oh, hasten  
To worship the Lord.



### Infant Jesus.

Sleep holy Babe  
Upon thy mother's breast,  
The Lord of earth and sea and sky,  
How sweet it is to see Thee lie  
In such a place of rest.

Sleep, holy Babe,  
Thine angels watch around,  
All bending low with folded wings  
Before the Incarnate King of kings,  
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, holy Babe,  
Oh, snatch thy brief repose;  
Too quickly will thy slumber break,  
And thou to lengthen'd pains awake,  
Which death alone shall close.

O Lady blest!  
To thee I suppliant cry;  
Forgive the wrong that I have done,  
In causing by my sins thy Son  
Upon the Cross to die.

O Jesus Lord!  
By thy sweet childhood's years,  
Blot out from their terrific page  
My sins of youth and later age,  
In these my contrite tears.

So may I sing  
Immortal praise to Thee,  
Who, once a Babe of human birth,  
Now reignest Lord of Heaven and earth,  
Through all eternity.

### Holy Innocents.

The little church with flowers is strewn,  
The lights are gleaming bright,  
For Jesus from His altar-throne  
His blessing gives to-night.  
Methinks before that altar fair  
A cherub band I see,  
And child-like voices fill the air  
Which sing these words to me:

“ We are the little ones who died  
For Bethlehem’s Infant slain ;  
Cut down for cruel Herod’s pride,  
That he in peace might reign.  
But now we sing, a cherub band,  
Before the Christ Child bright ;  
With palm and lily in each hand,  
And robes of glistening white.

Then, little children, fear ye not  
To join our joyous strain,  
And sing the Lamb without a spot  
On Calvary’s mountain slain ;  
For though your home is on the earth,  
And ours in heaven above,  
Yet are we one by human birth,  
And one in Christ’s dear love.

And though our eyes are ever blest  
His face unveil’d to see,  
He comes to you a hidden guest,  
To make you blest as we.  
Then, little children, fear ye not  
To join our joyous strain,  
And sing the Lamb without a spot  
On Calvary’s mountain slain.

### Jesus Crucified.

O come and mourn with me awhile ;  
See, Mary calls us to her side ;  
O come and let us mourn with her :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?  
Ah, look how patiently He hangs :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

How fast His hands and feet are nailed ;  
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied ;  
His failing eyes are blind with blood :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

His Mother can not reach his face ;  
She stands in helplessness beside ;  
Her heart is martyred with her son's :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord ?  
By earth, by heaven Thou hast been tried,  
And guilty found of too much love :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

## The Verse Sung in the "Way of the Cross."

From pain to pain, from woe to woe,  
With loving hearts and footsteps slow,  
To Calvary with Christ we go.

See how His precious blood  
At every station pours ;  
Was ever grief like His !  
Was ever sin like ours !

---

## Sufferings of Jesus.

Christians, who of Jesus' sorrows  
Come the doleful tale to hear,  
See what streams of blood flow for us :  
Blend, ah ! blend at least a tear,  
Lo, for sins your own devoted,  
Bleeds the Victim from on high ;  
By his sufferings animated,  
Live for him, and for him die.

In a lonely garden praying,  
Conflicts rude oppress his soul :  
Fear and hope his soul assailing,  
Strive by turns his will to rule.  
Now doth fear command imperious ;  
Now strong efforts love combines :  
Love at length prevails victorious ;  
He to death himself resigns.

Judas, by blind fury guided,  
Whilst a mean submission shows ;  
With perfidious kiss intended,  
He betrays him to his foes.

Judas like a sinner feigning  
His offended God t' appease,  
With unhallowed lips approaching,  
Oft betrays him with a kiss.

See, now Jesus is forsaken ;  
Round him press a ruthless band :  
See, his heavenly cheeks are smitten  
By the merciless soldier's hand.  
Faithful spirits, who, with horror,  
View from heaven this cruel deed,  
Shelter him ; or, armed with fury,  
Wing on them his lightning speed.

Now behold your Lord appearing,  
At a mortal judge's bar ;  
Hark the pontiff's voice, conspiring,  
Guilty the innocent declare.  
Impious pontiff, one day, trembling,  
Thou'lt be forced his power to own,  
When, to judge the world descending,  
Thundering clouds shall form his throne.

Dragged to Pilate, meek and sinless,  
He supplies the sinner's place ;  
Barbarous people, do ye, shameless,  
Choose before him Barabbas ?  
Choice unworthy, sentence impious,  
'Gainst the just is here decreed ;  
Crime in triumph borne victorious,  
Innocence condemned to bleed.

In the midst of lawless soldiers,  
Jesus, stripped and silent, stands ;  
Armed with scourges, raging torturers  
In his blood imbrue their hands.  
Stay your blows. Ah, you're mistaken ;  
Sinless is the blood you shed ;  
Vengeance on us should have fallen ;  
We, the criminals, should bleed.

Doomed to death, new Isaac, willing,  
Loaded with the fatal tree ;  
In his heart our sins bewailing,  
He ascends Mount Calvary.  
Lo, his hands and feet are pierced through ;  
On his bloody cross he lies ;  
Streams of vital blood flow for you ;  
Sinners, he's your Sacrifice.

Now behold the man of sorrows,  
On the cross exalted high ;  
Suffering, bleeding, dying for us,  
Now behold salvation nigh ;  
Satan, our great foe, lies vanquish'd,  
Mary's seed has bruised his head,  
Our redemption is accomplished,  
Jesus has our ransom paid.

Christians, hear his heavenly lessons ;  
Harken to His dying voice ;  
His blaspheming foes He pardons,  
For them He prays, and for them He dies ;  
Spare my murderers, gracious Goodness :  
Ah, they know not what they do.  
Thus the Christian, fraught with meekness,  
Should forgive and love his foe.

See ! a lawless crew surrounding,  
And insulting, cry aloud,  
Let Him, from the cross descending,  
Prove himself the Son of God.  
Easily could he burst asunder,  
Senseless foes, your feeble bands ;  
But His love, than all ties stronger,  
For your sake enchains His hands.

Ah, descend not, dearest Saviour :  
Leave not Thou the tree of pain ;  
Save mankind, O heavenly Lover ;  
On the cross till death remain.

But fulfil, O Lord, Thy promise ;  
Draw our souls with chains of Love ;  
Banish sin and death far from us ;  
Lead us to Thy realms above.

He expires in sad convulsions ;  
Nature, comfortless, bemoans ;  
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,  
Trembling, echo doleful groans.  
Will ingrate man a sight so woful  
View alone with tearless eye ?  
Grant, O Jesus, I may, grateful,  
With Thee mourn, and with Thee die.

---

### Easter Hymn.

Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day ;  
Christians, haste your vows to pay ;  
Offer ye your praises meet,  
At the Paschal Victim's feet.  
For the sheep the Lamb has bled,  
Sinless in the sinner's stead :  
Christ the Lord has ris'n on high,  
Now he lives no more to die.

Christ, the Victim undefil'd,  
Man to God hath reconcil'd ;  
Whilst in strange and awful strife  
Met together Death and Life.  
Christians, on this happy day  
Haste with joy your vows to pay ;  
Christ the Lord is ris'n on high,  
Now He lives no more to die.

Say, O wond'ring Mary, say  
What thou sawest on thy way.  
"I beheld, where Christ had lain,  
Empty tomb and angels twain;  
I beheld the glory bright  
Of the rising Lord of light:  
Christ my hope is ris'n again,  
Now He lives, and lives to reign."

Christ, who once for sinners bled,  
Now the firstborn from the dead,  
Thron'd in endless might and power,  
Lives and reigns for evermore.  
Hail, eternal Hope on high!  
Hail, thou King of victory!  
Hail, thou Prince of life ador'd!  
Help and save us, gracious Lord!

---

### Easter Day.

*Solo.*—Strike the cymbal, roll the timbrel,  
Let the trump of triumph sound;

*Chorus.*—Joyous singing, tributes bringing,  
Th' isles exult and seas resound.

Lo! he's risen from death's dark prison,  
Rays divine his eyes relume;  
Judah's Lion, King of Sion,  
Lord o'er hell, hath fled the tomb.

Alleluia, alleluia,  
Mortals, strike your tuneful lyres,  
Holy mirth the day inspires.  
Judah's Lion, King of Sion,  
Lord o'er hell hath fled the tomb.



God of thunder, Lord of wonder,  
Vain are mortals, vain their boasts.  
What are nations, what their stations ?  
Christ our God is Lord of hosts.

What are Jewry's monarchs now ?  
Low before Emanuel bow.  
Lord eternal, God supreme,  
Mortals, mortals to redeem.  
Praise him, praise him,  
Exulting nations, praise him,  
Praise him, praise him,  
Exulting nations, praise.  
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna.

---

### Easter Day.

Ye sons and daughters of the Lord !  
The King of glory, King adored,  
This day Himself from death restored.  
Alleluia.

All in the early morning gray  
Went holy women on their way,  
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.  
Alleluia.

Of spices pure a precious store  
In their pure hands those women bore,  
To anoint the Sacred Body o'er.  
Alleluia.

Then straightway one in white they see  
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord ; but He  
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."  
Alleluia.

This told they Peter, told they John ;  
Who forthwith to the tomb are gone,  
But Peter is by John outrun.

Alleluia.

That self-same night, while out of fear  
The doors were shut, their Lord most dear  
To his Apostles did appear.

Alleluia.

Now let us praise the Lord most high,  
And strive his name to magnify  
On this great day, through earth and sky.

Alleluia.

---

### Spirit, Creator.

Spirit, Creator of Mankind,  
Come, visit every pious mind,  
And sweetly let thy grace invade  
Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

Thou art the Comforter whom all,  
Gift of the highest God must call,  
The living fountain, fire and love ;  
The ghostly unction from above.

God's sacred finger, which imparts,  
A sev'nfold grace to faithful hearts ;  
Thou art the Father, promise, whence  
We language have, and eloquence.

Enlighten, Lord ! our souls and grant,  
That we thy love may never want ;  
Let not our virtue ever fail  
But strengthen what in flesh is frail.

Make us the eternal truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe,  
Give us Thyself that we may see,  
The Father and the Son in Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name ;  
To the Son equal praises be,  
And holy Paraclete, to Thee.

---

### See the Paraclete Descending.

See the Paraclete descending,  
Burning with celestial fire ;  
Grace and truth on him attending,  
Men with heavenly love inspire.  
Let us, Alleluias singing,  
Offer him our grateful lays,  
He all heavenly graces bringing,  
Merits everlasting praise.

Men in every danger fearing,  
Now the greatest dangers scorn ;  
Amidst tortures persevering,  
Show themselves in Christ new-born.  
Let us, Alleluias, &c.

Fishermen by Thee instructed,  
Jesus to the world proclaim ;  
Infants by thy grace conducted,  
Rather die than slight His name.  
Let us, Alleluias, &c.

Idols fall, the Devil ceasing,  
O'er the world to be adored ;  
Faith and love by thee increasing,  
All confess Thee, sovereign Lord.  
Let us, Alleluias, &c.

Source of love, our hearts inflaming  
With true zeal and virtue pure,  
Grant we may in heaven reigning,  
Sing thy praise for evermore.  
Let us, Alleluias, &c.

---

### Corpus Christi.

Jesus! my Lord, my God, my all!  
How can I love thee as I ought?  
And how revere this wondrous gift,  
So far surpassing hope or thought?  
Sweet Sacrament! we thee adore!  
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart  
To love Thee with, my dearest King,  
Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise  
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing.  
Sweet Sacrament, &c.

Oh, see! within a creature's hand  
The vast Creator deigns to be,  
Reposing infant-like, as though  
On Joseph's arm or Mary's knee.  
Sweet Sacrament, &c.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!  
Oh, mystery of love divine!  
I can not compass all I have;  
For all thou hast and art are mine!  
Sweet Sacrament, &c.

Sound, sound his praises higher still,  
And come, ye angels, to our aid;  
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God  
Whose power both man and angels made!  
Sweet Sacrament, &c.

Our hearts leap up ; our trembling song  
Grows fainter still ; we can no more.  
Silence ! and let us weep — and die  
Of very love, while we adore.  
Great Sacrament of love divine !  
All, all we have or are, be thine !

---

### Ave Sanctissima.

Ave sanctissima,  
We lift our souls to thee,  
Ora pro nobis,  
Thou bright star of the sea.  
Guard us when sin is nigh,  
Snares round our path are spread,  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh ;  
Thine too hath bled.

Thou that hast looked on death,  
Aid us when death is near ;  
Whisper of heaven to faith,  
Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear !  
Ora pro nobis !  
From sin our slumbers keep,  
Ora, mater, ora,  
Star of the deep.

Ave purissima,  
List to thy children's prayer :  
Audi Maria,  
And take us to thy care.  
When darkness comes o'er us,  
Whilst here on earth we stay,  
Thy light shine before us,  
Guide of our way.

Thou that hast looked on death,  
 Aid us when death is near ;  
 Whisper of heaven to faith,  
 Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear.  
 Ora pro nobis,  
 Let angels guard our sleep,  
 Ora, mater, ora,  
 Star of the deep.

---

### Hail Heavenly Queen !

Hail Heavenly Queen ! hail foamy ocean's star !  
 O be our guide, diffuse thy beams afar,  
 Hail mother of God ! above all Virgins blest,  
 Hail happy gate of heaven's eternal rest.

#### CHORUS.

Hail foamy ocean's star ! Hail Heav'nly Queen !  
 O be our guide to endless joys unseen.

“Hail full of grace,” with Gabriel we repeat ;—  
 Thee Queen of heav'n, from him we learn to greet ;  
 Then give us peace, which heaven alone can give  
 And dead thro' Eve, thro' Mary let us live.  
 Hail foamy ocean, &c.

O break our chains, our captive souls release,  
 O give us light, and let our blindness cease,  
 Let every ill that preys upon our hearts,  
 Fly at thy voice, which ev'ry good imparts.  
 Hail foamy ocean, &c.

**Bright Mother of Our Maker.**

Bright mother of our Maker, hail !  
Thou Virgin ever blessed,  
The ocean's star by which we sail,  
And gain the port of rest.

Whilst we this ave thus to thee,  
From Gabriel's mouth rehearse,  
Prevail that peace our lot may be,  
And Eva's name reverse.

Release our long entangled mind,  
From all the snares of ill ;  
With heavenly light instruct the blind,  
And all our vows fulfil.

Exert for us a mother's care,  
And us thy children own ;  
Prevail with Him to hear our prayer,  
Who chose to be thy Son.

---

**May Day.**

On this day, O beautiful mother,  
On this day we give thee our love,  
Near thee Madonna, fondly we hover,  
Trusting thy gentle care to prove.

On this day we ask to share,  
Dearest mother, thy sweet care  
Aid us, ere our feet astray,  
Wandering from thy guiding way.  
On this day, etc.

Queen of angels, deign to hear—  
Lispings children's humble prayer ;  
Young hearts gain, O Virgin pure,  
Sweetly to thyself allure.

On this day, etc.

Rose of Sharon, lovely flower,  
Beauteous bud of Eden's bower,  
Cherished Lily of the Vale,  
Virgin, mother, queen, we hail.

On this day, etc.

In vain the flowers of love we bring,  
In vain sweet music's notes we sing,  
If contrite heart and lowly prayer,  
Guide not our gifts to thy bright sphere.

---

### Fading, Still Fading.

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining  
Ave Maria! day is declining ;  
Safety and innocence fly with the light,  
Temptation and danger walk forth in the night ;  
From the fall of the shade, till the matin shall chime,  
Shield us from danger, and save us from crime.

Ave Maria, audi nos!

Ave Maria, O hear when we call !  
Mother of him who is Saviour of all !  
Feeble and fearing, we trust in thy might ;  
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light :  
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,  
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns.

Ave Maria, audi nos!



### The Blessed Virgin.

Daily, daily, sing to Mary,  
Sing, my soul, her praises due ;  
All her feasts, her actions worship,  
With the heart's devotion true.  
Lost in wand'ring contemplation,  
Be Her Majesty confest :  
Call her Mother, call her Virgin,  
Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

She is mighty to deliver ;  
Call her, trust her lovingly ;  
When the tempest rages round thee,  
She will calm the troubled sea.  
Gifts of Heaven she has given,  
Noble lady ! to our race :  
She, the Queen, who decks her subjects  
With the light of God's own grace.

Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,  
Who for us her Maker bore ;  
For the curse of old inflicted,  
Peace and blessing to restore.  
Sing in songs of praise unending,  
Sing the world's majestic Queen :  
Weary not, nor faint in telling,  
All the gifts she gives to men.

All my senses, heart, affections,  
Strive to sound her glory forth :  
Spread abroad the sweet memorials  
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.  
Where the voice of music thrilling  
Where the tongue of eloquence,  
That can utter hymns befitting  
All her matchless excellence ?

Oh ! by that Almighty Maker,  
Whom thyself a virgin bore ;  
Oh ! by thy supreme Creator,  
Linked with thee for evermore :  
By the hope thy name inspires ;  
By our doom, reversed through thee ;  
Help us, Queen of Angel choirs,  
Now and through eternity.

---

### The Assumption.

Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands,  
All beautiful and bright ;  
For higher still, and higher,  
Through the vast fields of light  
Mary, your Queen, ascends,  
Like the sweet moon at night.

A fairer flower than she  
On earth hath never been ;  
And, save the Throne of God,  
Your heavens have never seen  
A wonder half so bright  
As you ascending Queen.

O happy Angels ! look,  
How beautiful she is !  
See ! Jesus bears her up,  
Her hand is locked in His ;  
O who can tell the height  
Of that fair Mother's bliss ?

And shall I lose thee then,  
Lose my sweet right to thee ?  
Ah ! no—the Angel's Queen  
Man's mother still will be,  
And thou, upon thy throne,  
Wilt keep thy love for me.

### To the Blessed Virgin.

Hail Queen of Heaven, the ocean's star,  
Guide of the wanderer here below !  
Thrown on life's surge we claim thy care,  
Save us from peril and from woe,  
Mother of Christ, Star of the sea,  
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,  
We sinners make our prayers through thee,  
Remind thy Son that he has paid  
The price of our iniquity.  
Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,  
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,  
To thee, blest Advocate we cry,  
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,  
And soothe with hope our misery.  
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,  
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

And while to Him who reigns above,  
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,  
The source of life, of grace, of love,  
Homage we pay on bended knee ;  
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,  
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

---

### St. Joseph.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Husband of Mary, hail !  
Chaste as the lily flower  
In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Father of Christ esteemed !  
Father be thou to those  
Thy Foster-Son redeem'd.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Prince of the House of God,  
May his best graces be  
By thy sweet hands bestow'd.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Comrade of angels, hail !  
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,  
And guide the steps that fail.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
God's choice wert thou alone ;  
To thee the Word made flesh  
Was subject as a Son.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
Teach us our flesh to tame,  
And, Mary, keep the hearts  
That love thy husband's name.

Mother of Jesus ! bless,  
And bless, ye saints on high,  
All meek and simple souls  
That to Saint Joseph cry.

---

### Hymn to St. Joseph.

Holy Patron ! thee saluting,  
Here we meet, with hearts sincere ;  
Blest St. Joseph, all uniting,  
Call on thee to hear our prayer.

Happy saint! in bliss adoring  
Jesus Saviour of mankind,  
Hear thy children thee imploring,  
May we thy protection find.

Worldly dangers for them fearing,  
Youthful hearts to thee we bring;  
Grant, in virtue persevering,  
Vice may ne'er their bosom sting.  
Happy saint, &c.

Thou, who faithfully attended  
Him whom heaven and earth adore;  
Who with pious care defended  
Mary, Virgin ever pure.  
Happy saint, &c.

May our fervent prayers ascending,  
Move thee for our souls to plead;  
May thy smile of peace descending,  
Benedictions on us shed.  
Happy saint, &c.

Through this life, O watch around us,  
Fill with love our every breath,  
And when parting fear surrounds us,  
Guide us through the toils of death.  
Happy saint, &c.

---

### Holy God.

Holy God, we praise thy Name!  
Lord of all, we bow before Thee!  
All on earth thy sceptre claim,  
All in Heaven above adore Thee:  
Infinite thy vast domain,  
Everlasting is thy reign.

Hark ! the loud celestial hymn  
Angel choirs above are raising !  
Cherubim and seraphim  
In unceasing chorus praising,  
Fill the heavens with sweet accord :  
Holy ! Holy ! Holy Lord !

Lo ! the Apostolic train  
Join, thy sacred name to hallow !  
Prophets swell the loud refrain,  
And the white-robed Martyrs follow ;  
And from morn till set of sun,  
Through the church the song goes on.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, three we name Thee,  
While in essence only One  
Undivided God, we claim Thee :  
And adoring bend the knee,  
While we own the mystery.

Thou art King of Glory, Christ !  
Son of God, yet born of Mary,  
For us sinners sacrificed,  
And to death a tributary :  
First to break the bars of death,  
Thou hast open'd Heaven to Faith.

From thy high celestial home,  
Judge of all, again returning,  
We believe that Thou shalt come,  
On the dreadful Doom's-day morning  
When thy voice shall shake the earth.  
And the startled Dead come forth.

Spare thy people, Lord ! we pray,  
By a thousand snares surrounded ;  
Keep us without sin to-day,  
Never let us be confounded,  
Lo ! I put my trust in Thee,  
Never, Lord, abandon me.

**Jerusalem, My Happy Home.**

Jerusalem, my happy home  
How do I sigh for thee !  
When shall my exile have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
Jerusalem, my happy home,  
How do I sigh for thee !

No sun or moon in borrowed light,  
Revolve thine hours away,  
The Lamb of Calvary's mountain slain,  
Is thy eternal day.  
Jerusalem, &c.,

From every eye He wipes the tear  
All sighs and sorrows cease,  
No more alternate hope and fear  
But everlasting peace.  
Jerusalem, &c.

The thought of Thee to us is given  
Our sorrows to beguile—  
T' anticipate the bliss of heaven  
In His eternal smile.  
Jerusalem, &c.

---

**Strike The Harp.**

Strike the harp in praise of God !  
Wake the timbrel's louder mirth,  
Glorious the song must be  
Of the great Creator's worth.

Nature in her calmness raises,  
    Strains of gladness, peace, and love,  
Man re-echoes forth her praises,  
    Glory to the God above.  
    Strike the harp, etc.

Honor Him ye host of heaven !  
    Worship Him ye realms below !  
Not with outward form alone,  
    But with hearts that purely glow.

He who rules the earth—the ocean—  
    Keepeth silent watch o'er thee,  
He can tell with what devotion,  
    Bows the heart or bends the knee.  
    Strike the harp, etc.

---

*For Sundays.*

**Lucis Creator Optime.**

O blest Creator of the light !  
    Who dost the dawn from darkness bring ;  
And framing Nature's depth and height,  
    Didst with the new-born light begin ;

Who gently blending eve with morn,  
    And morn with eve, didst call them day ;—  
Thick flow the flood of darkness down ;  
    Oh, hear us as we weep and pray !

Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime ;  
    Nor guilt remorseful let them know ;  
Nor, thinking but on things of time,  
    Into eternal darkness go.



Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door ;  
Teach us the prize of life to win ;  
Teach us all evil to abhor,  
And purify ourselves within.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.

---

### The Souls in Purgatory.

O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn,  
And call Him by His tenderest names ;  
Pray for the holy souls that burn  
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

Ah ! they have fought a gallant fight ;  
In death's cold arms they persevered ;  
And after life's uncheery night  
The harbour of their rest is neared.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,  
Favourites of Jesus ! there they lie,  
Letting the fire wear out their stains,  
And worshipping God's purity.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He  
Was wedded to them by His blood ;  
And angels o'er their destiny  
In wondering adoration brood.

They are the children of thy tears ;  
Then hasten, Mother ! to their aid ;  
In pity think each hour appears  
An age while glory is delayed.

See, how they bound amid their fires.  
While pain and love their spirits fill;  
Then with self-crucified desires  
Utter sweet murmurs, and lie still.

Ah me ! the love of Jesus yearns  
O'er that abyss of sacred pain,  
And as He looks His Bosom burns  
With Calvary's dear thirst again.

O Mary ! let thy Son no more  
His lingering Spouses thus expect ;  
God's children to their God restore,  
And to the Spirit His elect.

---

### Children of the Heavenly King.

Children of the Heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing ;  
Sing our Saviour's worth and praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are traveling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod :  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed be glad,  
Christ our Advocate is made.  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.

Lord obediently we go.  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

**Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.**

Jesus! the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast,  
But sweeter far thy face to see,  
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find,  
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind!

O Jesus! King most wonderful!  
Thou Conqueror renown'd!  
Thou Sweetness most ineffable!  
In whom all joys are found!

O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall how kind Thou art.  
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus what it is,  
None but his lov'd ones know.

Jesus! our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

**May Jesus Christ Be Praised.**

When morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries

May Jesus Christ be praised.

Alike at work and prayer,

To Jesus I repair.

May, &c.

The sacred minster bell,  
It peals o'er hill and dell ;

May, &c.

Oh, hark to what it sings,

As joyously it rings,

May, &c.

When you begin the day,

On, never fail to say,

May, &c.

And at your work rejoice

To sing with heart and voice,

May, &c.

Be this at meals your grace,

In every time and place,

May, &c.

Be this, when day is past,

Of all your thoughts the last,

May, &c.

To God the Word on high

The hosts of angels cry,

May, &c.

Let children too upraise

Their voice in hymns of praise,

May, &c.

Let earth's wide circle round  
In joyful notes resound,  
    May, &c.  
Let air and sea and sky  
Through depth and height reply,  
    May, &c.

---

### Before Communion.

Can it be that my God  
Comes down from Heaven ?  
Makes my heart his abode,  
    To me is given ?  
Yes, yes, within my breast,  
Soon shall my Jesus rest ;  
Soon shall He be my guest,  
    Nor thence be driven.

No, no my trembling heart,  
    Leave thee ! no never !  
Never shall He depart,  
    What can us sever !  
No, no, I hear him say,  
With my lov'd I'll stay ;  
My love shall ne'er decay,  
    But last for ever.

Then, O ! my Jesus, come,  
    Come to this dwelling ;  
Make my poor heart thy home.  
    Make thine each feeling :  
Still, still, my blessed God,  
Feed me with this sweet food,  
Still with Thy sacred blood,  
    All my wounds healing.

What save my God above,  
Have I in Heaven ?  
And what to win my love.  
Can here be given ?  
Then, then, my happy soul,  
Thou shalt alone control ;  
Thou shalt possess the whole,  
To thee still leaving.

---

### Before Communion.

My God, my life, my love,  
To Thee, to Thee, I call :  
O come to me from heav'n above  
And be my God, my all.

My faith beholds Thee, Lord,  
Conceal'd in human food ;  
My senses fail ; but in thy word  
I trust and find my God.

O when wilt thou be mine,  
Sweet lover of my soul ?  
My Jesus dear—my King divine,  
And all my soul control.

O come ! and fix thy throne  
Within my very heart ;  
O make it burn for thee alone,  
And from thence ne'er depart.

Begone, ye, from my mind,  
Vain, childish, earthly toys ;  
In Jesus Christ alone I find  
True pleasures and true joys ;

### After Communion.

Ah ! what is this enchanting calm  
Which thus with peace my bosom fills,  
Which o'er my spirit pours a balm,  
And through my inmost being thrills ?

Is there some Seraph hither sent,  
Diffusing sweetness from his wings  
To steep my bosom in content,  
Unknown, unfelt from earthly things ?

No ! something purer far must dwell  
Within this raptured soul of mine,  
'Tis more than heavenly, 'tis divine.  
'Tis what no mortal tongue can tell,

My God ! my Jesus ! it is Thou  
Art ravishing my heart with bliss.  
Thy presence is within me now,  
Ah ! could I ask a boon like this.

Yes ! stooping from thy throne above  
Thou wilt not dwell with man apart,  
Thy dearest home becomes, through love  
The tabernacle of my heart.

---

### Commandments of God.

1. One God alone thou shalt adore  
And daily love Him more and more.
2. Thou shalt not take His name in vain,  
Nor ought that's sacred e'er profane.

## CHORUS.

Keep well these precepts both in heart and mind  
For in the law of God, thou wilt the sweetest pleasure find.

3. No servile work on Sunday do,  
And keep it ever holy too.
4. Obedience to thy parents give,  
That thou mayest the longer live.

Chorus.

5. Thy fellow man thou shalt not kill,  
Nor even wish to do him ill.
6. Great purity thou shalt preserve,  
And from innocence never swerve.

Chorus.

7. Thou shalt not steal, nor knowingly  
Keep what belongeth not to thee.
8. Thou shalt not e'er false witness bear ;  
To lie or slander never dare.

Chorus.

9. Thy thoughts shall always modest be ;  
Keep them from all uncleanness free,
10. With thy possessions be content ;  
Thus will thou keep His commandment.

Chorus.



### Precepts of the Church.

1. On Sunday, Holy Days likewise,  
Attend the holy sacrifice.
  2. All fasts and days of abstinence,  
Keep strictly in the church's sense,  
Chorus.—Keep well, &c.
  3. Remember at least once a year,  
Confess thy sins, thy conscience clear.
  4. Receive communion once a year,  
At Easter time, with holy fear.  
Chorus.
  5. The church commands that tithes we pay ;  
Her commandments let us obey.
  6. Solemnize not marriage in Lent,  
The same precept keep in Advent.  
Chorus.
- 

### I am a Little Catholic.

I am a little Catholic  
And Christian is my name,  
And I believe the Holy Church  
In every age the same.

The holy ancient Roman Church,  
Enduring firmly still,  
Where Christ her king hath planted her  
Upon St. Peter's hill.

Jerusalem she is above,  
Our city and our home ;  
But after that same pattern is  
The holy city Rome.

Time writes no wrinkle on thy brow,  
For thou art ever young,  
Hail, Rome, eternal citadel,  
From whence our Faith has sprung.

---

### **I Should Not Tell One Little Lie.**

I should not tell one little lie  
For all things here below,  
Not for the earth, the sea, the sky,  
Because God hates it so.

I should not tell one little lie  
To save my friends—ah ! no,  
But I should rather let them die,  
Because God hates it so.

I should not tell one little lie  
To free those dear ones, who  
In pains of purgatory sigh,  
Because God hates it so.

I should not tell one little lie  
To bring from endless woe  
The souls condemned eternally,  
Because God hates it so.

### This Saint of God.

This Saint of God, whose virtues move  
Ten thousand choirs to songs of love,  
Went up to claim his throne above,  
To-day—to-day.

Lowly was he, chaste, prudent, mild,  
By touch of malice undefiled,  
What time life's glowing spirit smiled  
On his calm brow.

Oft, at his suit, the limbs which lay  
Languid and motionless as clay,  
Their bonds impatient flung away,  
And woke to health.

The choir its voices unite  
With such as love his deeds to cite,  
That he our service may requite,  
With worthier prayer.

Now honour, might, and majesty,  
To Him, who from His throne on high  
Tracks the world's course with loving eye,  
The Three in One.

---

### Hymn to Apostles.

Now let the earth with joy resound,  
And highest Heaven re-echo round ;  
Nor Heaven nor earth too high can raise  
The great Apostles' glorious praise.

O ye who, throned in glory dread,  
Shall judge the living and the dead !  
Lights of the world for evermore !  
To you the suppliant prayer we pour.

Ye close the sacred gates on high ;  
At your command apart they fly :  
Oh ! loose us from the guilty chain  
We strive to break, and strive in vain.

Sickness and health your voice obey ;  
At your command they go or stay  
Oh, then from sin our souls restore ;  
Increase our virtues more and more.

So when the world is at its end,  
And Christ to Judgment shall descend,  
May we be call'd those joys to see  
Prepared from all eternity.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in one.  
As ever was in ages past,  
And shall be so while ages last.

---

### Angel Guardian.

Dear Angel ! ever at my side  
How loving must thou be  
To leave thy home in heaven to guard  
A little child like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not though so near ;  
The sweetness of thy soft low voice  
I am too deaf to hear.

I can not feel thee touch my hand  
With pressure light and mild,  
To check me, as my mother did  
When I was but a child.

But I have felt Thee in my thoughts  
Fighting with sin for me ;  
And when my heart loves God I know  
The sweetness is from Thee.

And when, dear Spirit, I kneel down  
Morning and night to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart)  
Which tells me thou art there.

Yes ! when I pray thou prayest too—  
Thy prayer is all for me ;  
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

Then for thy sake, dear Angel ! now  
More humble will I be :  
But I am weak, and when I fall,  
O weary not of me :

O weary not but love me still,  
For Mary's sake, thy Queen ;  
She never tired of me, though I  
Her worst of sons have been.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear,  
And I will love Thee more,  
And help me when my soul is cast  
Upon the eternal shore.

## St. Vincent.

O blessed Father! sent by God,  
His mercy to dispense,  
Thy hand is out o'er all the earth  
{ Like God's own providence.

There is no grief or care of men  
Thou dost not own for thine,  
No broken heart thou dost not fill  
With mercies' oil and wine.

Dear Saint! not in the wilderness  
Thy fragrant virtues bloom,  
But in the city's crowded haunts,  
The alley's cheerless gloom;

The Father of the childless old,  
The lonesome widow's stay,  
The gladness of the orphan groups  
Out in the street at play.

The poor thou savest by such charms  
As hardest heart to move,—  
The rich by teaching them to do  
The saving works of love.

Vincent! like Mother Mary, thou  
Art no one's patron saint;  
Eyes to the blind, health to the sick  
And life to those who faint.

So thou belongest unto all  
And all belong to thee;  
And we in him thy pity praise,  
Most Holy Trinity.

# APPENDIX.

## Litany of the B. V. Mary.

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe, audi nos.

Christe exaudi nos,

Pater de cœlis Deus,

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,

Spiritus sancte Deus,

Sancta Trinitas unus Deus,

Sancta Maria,

Sancta Dei genitrix,

Sancta Virgo Virginum,

Mater Christi,

Mater divinæ gratiæ,

Mater purissima,

Mater Castissima,

Mater inviolata,

Mater intemerata,

Mater amabilis,

Mater admirabilis,

Mater Creatoris,

Mater Salvatoris,

Virgo prudentissima,

Virgo veneranda,

Virgo prædicanda,

Virgo potens,

Virgo clemens,

Virgo fidelis,

Speculum justitiæ,

Sedes sapientiæ,

Miserere  
nobis.

Ora pro nobis.

Causa nostræ lætitiæ,	} Ora pro nobis.
Vas spirituale,	
Vas honorabile,	
Vas insignæ devotionis,	
Rosa mystica,	
Turris Davidica,	
Turris eburnea,	
Domus aurea,	
Fœderis arca,	
Janua cœli,	
Stella matutina,	
Salus infirmorum,	
Refugium peccatorum,	
Consolatrix afflictorum,	
Auxilium Christianorum,	
Regina angelorum,	
Regina patriarchum,	
Regina prophetarum,	
Regina apostolorum,	
Regina martyrum,	
Regina Confessorum,	
Regina virginum,	
Regina sine labe concepta,	
Regina sanctorum omnium,	

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis, Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, exaudi nos Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.  
Christe audi nos. Christe exaudi nos.



## Psalm 50.

MISERERE mei Deus secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum,  
\*dele iniquitatem meam.

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea,\* et a peccato meo munda me;

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco,\* et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci;\* ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas cum judicaris.

Eccē enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum,\* et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti,\* incerta et occulta sapientiæ tuæ manifestasti mihi.

Asperges me hyssopo et mundabor;\* lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et lætitiā;\* et exultabunt ossa humiliata.

Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis. \* et omnes iniquitates meas dele.

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus, \* et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.

Ne projicias me a facie tua: \* et Spiritum Sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.

Redde mihi lætitiā salutaris tui, \* et spiritu principali confirma me.

Docebo iniquos vias tuas, \* et impii ad te convertentur.

Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus, Deus salutis meæ; \* et exultabit lingua mea justitiā tuam.

Domine, labia mea aperies ; \* et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

Quoniam si voluisses, sacrificium dedissem utique ; holocaustis non delectaberis.

Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus ; \* cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies.

Benigne fac, Domine, in bona voluntate tua Sion, \* ut ædificentur muri Jerusalem.

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium justitiæ, oblationes et holocausta ; \* tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos.

---

### Benedictus.

BENEDICTUS Dominus Deus Israel, \* quia visitavit, et fecit redemptionem plebis suæ.

Et erexit cornu salutis nobis,\* in domo David pueri sui.

Sicut locutus est per os sanctorum,\* qui a sæculo sunt, prophetarum ejus ;

Salutem ex inimicis nostris ;\* et de manu omnium, qui oderunt nos ;

Ad faciendam misericordiam cum patribus nostris ;\* et memorari testamenti sui sancti.

Jusjurandum, quod juravit ad Abraham patrem nostrum,\* daturum se nobis ;

Ut sine timore, de manu inimicorum nostrorum liberati,\* serviamus illi.

In sanctitate, ut justitia coram ipso,\* omnibus diebus nostris.

Et tu puer, Propheta Altissimi vocaberis : \* præbis enim ante faciem Domini parare vias ejus :

Ad dandam scientiam salutis plebi ejus !\* in remissionem peccatorum eorum ;

Per viscera misericordiæ Dei nostri : \* in quibus visitavit nos oriens ex alto.

Illuminare his, qui in tenebris, et in umbra mortis sedent ; \* ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis.

---

*For Lent.*

Parce Domine, parce populo tuo ; Ne in æternam irascaris nobis.

---

Spare, spare, spare, O Lord, spare, spare, spare thy people ; Be not, be not angry with us, for ever.

---

*For the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.*

Adoremus in æternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum.

---

**Magnificat.**

MAGNIFICAT \* anima mea Dominum.

Et exultavit spiritus meus : \* in Deo salutari meo.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ ; \* ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est : \* et sanctum nomen ejus.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies, \* timentibus eum.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo : \* dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.

Deposuit potentes de sede : \* et exaltavit humiles.

Esurientes implevit bonis : \* et divites inanes.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum : \* recordatus misericordiæ suæ.

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros : \* Abraham, et semini ejus in sæcula.

---

### Te Deum Laudamus.

Te Deum laudamus : te Dominum confitemur.

Te æternum Patrem omnis terro veneratur.

Tibi omnes Angeli ; tibi cœli, et universæ potestates :

Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim, incessabili voce proclamant :

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth :

Pleni sunt cœli et terra, majestatis gloriæ tuæ.

Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus.

Te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus.

Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.

Te per orbem terrarum, sancta confitetur Ecclesia.

Patrem immensæ majestatis.

Venerandum tuum verum et unicum Filium.

Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum.

Tu Rex gloriæ Christe.

Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.

Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem, non horruisti Virginis uterum.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus regna cœlorum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes : in gloria Patris.

Judex crederis esse venturus.

\* Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni : quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.

Æterna fac cum Sanctis tuis, in gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine : et benedic hæreditati tuæ.

Et rege eos, et extolle illos, usque in æternum.

Per singulos dies, benedicimus te.

\* Here all kneel.

Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæculum : et in sæculum sæculi.

Dignare, Domine, die isto : sine peccato nos custodire  
Miserere nostri Domine : miserere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos : quemadmodum speravimus in te.

In te Domine, speravi : non confundar in æternam.

---

## Anthems to the Blessed Virgin.

### I.

Alma Redemptoris mater, quæ pervia cœli,  
Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre cadenti  
Surgere qui curat, populo : tu quæ genuisti,  
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem.  
Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore  
Sumens illud ave, peccatorum miserere.

### II.

Ave Regina cœlorum !  
Ave Domina angelorum !  
Salve radix, salve porta,  
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.  
Gaude Virgo gloriosa,  
Super omnes speciosa,  
Vale, O valde decora  
Et pro nobis Christum exora !

### III.

Regina Cœli, lætare ! alleluia.  
Quia quem meruisti portare ; alleluia.  
Resurrexit sicut dixit ; alleluia.  
Ora pro nobis Deum ; alleluia.

## IV.

Salve Regina ! mater misericordiæ  
Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve !  
Ad te clamamus, exules filii Evæ ;  
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes  
In hac lacrymarum valle.  
Eia, ergo, advocata nostra,  
Illos tuos misericordes oculos  
Ad nos converte :  
Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui,  
Nobis post hoc exilium ostende.  
O clemens ! O pia !  
O dulcis Virgo Maria !

THE END.

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Heldebet = Henry Miller?

~~at~~ Cole

E C Benedict 1867

Rep William

A R Thompson

W R William 1850

S W Duffield

Franklin Johnson

Chas C. Hott 1866. 8.

W R Hayes

N B Smith 1879

Ray Palmer 1887

M W Stryker

W. S. Mackenzie

T A March

Mr. H. H. H. H. H.  
1893 -

